

Will Byers' Super Emotional Christmas Eve by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Coming Out, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Mike is only mentioned, first ao3 post lol, my writing skills are super rusty i dont write a lot, will and eleven are siblings but its not really addressed

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Summary:

Will comes out and cries a lot. Eleven is the most supportive person he's ever met, even if she doesn't really understand what it's like in the 80s.

Will Byers' Super Emotional Christmas Eve

Author's Note:

I HAVENT POSTED A FANFICTION IN YEARS! it's 2am and my birthday and i just wrote this as fast as i could after getting an idea and haven't gone back over it so sorry if it reads weird?

It was Christmas Eve, and Will was a mess.

Crying into Eleven's arms felt like both a punch in the gut and a deep sigh of relief. He hated his friends seeing him like this, and he hated Eleven seeing him like this. He knew how much she cared for him. He knew that she was willing to do anything to keep him safe and to keep him happy.

And still he felt guilty for some reason he couldn't explain in words.

He knew coming out would be difficult, and he was terrified, but he wasn't expecting to feel such extreme emotions. He could only be happy that it was Eleven holding him, and not someone else.

Even though deep down he wished it were someone else. He wished it were Mike. Everything in his head was Mike. He was hopelessly, desperately in love with Mike.

"I think I love Mike," He'd said. Eleven smiled and Will broke down.

He felt guilty because Mike was a boy, and so was Will, and Eleven was nothing but understanding. He was frustrated because Eleven didn't seem to understand, that two boys can't be in love, and still she held him tight and told him it was okay. And it made him feel even more guilty.

It was a secret for so long- as long as Will could remember. He'd always loved Mike. He thought that the look Eleven gave him when he admitted it meant she'd always known. She was in his place once before, after all.

And still, saying it out loud for the first time ever, was so

overwhelming that he couldn't even think. He could only feel.

"I'm scared," He forced out between sobs, and Eleven rubbed his back in attempt to comfort him the best she could. "Mike's- Mike's coming over t-tomorrow, and I don't know what to d-do."

After a moment of thought, Eleven offered her best advice. "Tell him you love him." She said simply, like it was the most natural thing to say in the world. She made it sound easy.

Will leaned out of her embrace and looked at her, desperate and frustrated. "I cant just-" he paused to sniffle. "I can't just tell him, don't you understand?" Eleven gave him a perplexed face, and he pushed himself to keep talking. "Boys can't love boys."

"But you love Mike," she stated, and Will let out a groan.

"You don't get it! It's not normal!" He cried out, glad that their parents were out. "What if he doesn't love me back? What- what will our friends think?" He rambled anxiously. When he put his hands in his hair and starting pulling out of habit, Eleven took his shaky hands in her own.

"Will." She demanded his attention and he started listening immediately. "Mike looks at you the way you look at him." She said, and Will frowned in confusion.

"No, he..." Will trailed off, and Eleven looked only slightly annoyed at his obliviousness.

"Will. Trust me. Friends don't lie." Eleven said, more gently now. "Mike... loves you. I know." She wiped away the tears that Will didn't even notice on his face. "Tomorrow. Give him your picture. Tell him what you told me."

"W-what if... he hates me?" Will's voice cracked and Eleven rolled her eyes- something she probably learned from the very boy Will was crying over.

"Mike cares for you. Mike loves you. He couldn't hate you over something like that." She assured him.

“Friends don’t lie...” Will whispered and inhaled deeply. Eleven gave him a kind smile and give him one last hug before getting up.

“Hot chocolate?” She offered, and Will laughed gently and nodded. Eleven made her way to the kitchen while Will gave himself a moment to pull himself together.

He couldn’t help but find the aforementioned picture for Mike. It was a watercolor painting of Mike, all big smile and dark curly hair. It was based off a badly taken photo of Mike, and Will couldn’t believe the camera-shy boy allowed him to take a picture. Maybe Will really was as special to Mike as he was to Will.

Before he finished gently running his hands over the painting, Eleven returned with hot cocoa for the both of them. “He’ll love it.” She told him, squeezing his shoulder gently.

“Thanks, El.” Will murmured with a smile. Maybe, he thought to himself, things will work out for him. Maybe Mike will like his painting, or even better, like Will. For once, he didn’t feel guilty when thinking about his best friend returning Will’s feelings.

Will thinks this Christmas will be a good one.